So swift, so pure should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossenesse, there's the how, and why?
Is it because it sees us dull
And stucke in clay here? it would pull
Us forth by some Cœlestiall slight,
Vp to her owne sublimed height?
Or hath shee here upon the ground,
Some Paradise or Pallace found
In all the bounds of Beauty fit
For her t'inhabit? there is it,
Thrice happie house that hast receite,
For this so softly forme, so straite,
So polish'd, perfect, and so even,
As it slid moulded out of heaven.
Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
But stooping gently as a Cloud,
As smooth as Oyle powr'd forth, and calme,
As showers, and sweete as droppes of Balme,
Smooth, soft, and sweete, and all a flood,
Where it may runne to any good,
And where it stayes, it there becomes,
A nest of of odours, spice, and gummes,
In action winged as the winde,
In rest like spirits left behind,
Vpon a banke or field of flowers,
Begotten by the winde and showers.
In the faire mantion let it rest,
Yet know with what thou art possest,
Thou entertaining in thy breast,
But such a minde mak'st God a Guest.

To Ben. Iohnson.

THe Sunne which doth the greatest comfo
To absent friends, because the selfe same
They know they see, how ever absent is,
Here our best Hay maker, forgive me this;
It is our Country stile in this warme shine,
I lie and dreame of your full meremayd wi
Oh we have water mixt with Clarret Lees,
Drinke apt to bring in dryer heresies,
Then beere, good onely for a Sonnet straine
With fustion Metaphors to stuffe the brain
So mixt, that given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove Almes unlesse he have the
Tis sold by Puritans, mixt with intent,
To make it serve for either Sacrament,
I thinke with one draught mans intention f
Two Cups had quite spoil'd *Hemers Illiads.*
Tis liquor that will finde out *Sutcliff's* wit,
Lie where it will, and make him write wo
Fill'd with such moisture in a grievous squa
Did *Robert Wisedome* write his singing Psal
And so must I doe this, and yet I thinke,
It is a potion sent us downe to drinke,
By speciall providence, keepes us from figh
Makes us not laugh, when we make legges
Tis that which keepes our minds fit for our
A medicine to obey our Magistrates.
For we doe live more free than you, no hate
No envie of anothers happy state

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